Of course the others came up, and there is no doubt that they would have made short work with McGuire if they had found him: but that quaking invalid had most mysteriously disappeared. He had barred the door behind her as she went out with the arp-d. "Who is there?" she called faintly down the stairs. A man's voice answered, low, distinct, and quiet. "I trust I have not given you an unnecessary fright. Miss Perry. I have business with your lodger. Mr. Murray." She explained that Mr. Murray was an invalid, and said, "You may call tomorrow if you like." The man in the dark gave rather a flerce little laugh.

Presently he said: "Miss Perry, I am sorry I cannot spare you a very startling discovery. Your so-called invalid is a fraud and a rascal. His paralysis is assumed for purposes of mischief and of cowardice. He would be a little volume of recollections which Charoff through the window already had I not lotte M. Martin has edited, and which is pubtaken the precaution to guard it. I have come to relieve this house of him, and it is Mrs. Gilbert has not yet reached an age at She gathered up her sinking courage. "Have | member things solemnly. She says: "I was short pause. Then, "No," he said, "we are not far from Manchester. But I couldn't not authorized; we have no warrant. But help that, you know. All my professional here are five desperate men. It is quite career, all that I am, really, every inch of me, useless to resist us." Miss Perry was still is American. Why, even my English nephew, not to be persuaded. "Leave the house in- when he came to call on me in London, used stantly," she said. "Back! I'll shoot!" she to stop on the stairs and turn down his added as a board creaked on the staircase. Another creak and she fired A man fell nonsense heavily and lay groaning. Cries arose in a group of men kneeling and bending about

fending Mr. Murray's door. had they rented the Henderson house and hampers and valises and travelling rugs and it grew more and more shabby. Finally that he had cut a hole through the bottom of he had further cut a hole through the floor to correspond to the hole in the trunk, and that revolver out in the hall to "defend his door," he had entered the trunk, dropped through the hole and disappeared?

It is probably no wonder that there should have been a difference of opinion regarding Murray or McGuire between the physician who attended him and the one-eyed sheriff who was cailed into the case after Murray had dis- Booth's support in Louisville. "He was appeared. But the facts were not always to always a great actor and a grand man, be concealed Thanks to the intelligent she says. "Ah, but things were so simple labors of the author of this story, as many of then! I can remember his doing Macbeth them as are necessary to the reader's happiness were discovered and are here contained. robes. But he was a good Macbeth, a charm-The reader will be grateful for a highly ingenious and well-told tale

The Book of Jade. Poems by a poet who is willing to disturb

us are published anon mously in a limited feel himself encouraged on glancing down | the duty of Mrs. Gilbert to pass the crackers | man who achieved notoriety some time ago struments of Death." "Monotony," "Sepul-I am a little tired of all things mortal:

I see through half-shut eyelids languorous Gold sun set slowly through the Western portal

Where I recline upon my deep divan In Ispahan.

It seems a little queer that anybody tired of all mortal things should set about writing poetry. It may be that he considered this particular poetry immortal. Perhaps he is really in Ispahan. We remember the occasional insincerity of young poets, and it may be that here is a poet who is to be taken with a weariness:

I am a little weary of the Persian Girl that I loved: I am quite tired of love; And I am weary of The smoking censers and the sweet diversion Of stroking Lella's Jasmine scented hatr

I thought so fair. This, however, is nothing to what the poems go on to declare. There are some of them that setting forth the poet's idea of perfect love | were not good at fancy riding. "Your Amerigold head, as with a pall, is hung o'er with | air on the horse. Behold Kosciusko." sinfulness, and because her soul is sinful to the core, therefore his heart is bound to her for evermore. Just over the leaf we read:

I love all sombre and autumnal things, Regal and mournful and funereal. Things strange and curious and majestical, Whereto a solemn savor of death clings: Cerulean serpents marked with azure rings Awful cathedrals where rich shadows fall,

Hoarse symphonies sepulchral as a pall,

Mad crimes adorned with bestial blazonings. He thinks in his persistent fashion upon th time when his love and he shall be dead and buried:

I think how pleasant such a thing must be, That all thy lovely limbs should fall away And drop to nothing in their soft decay Then may thy buried body turn to me. With new love on thy changed lips like fire

And kiss me with a kiss that shall not tire. on his twenty-first year we find the poet still

wearied and still in Ispahan: Tired Muse, put faded roses on thy brow Put thy bare arms about the harp and sing; I am a little bored with everything. Past the closed jaiousies the mlengkas go: They are not beautiful; no tireek they know, They go about and howl and make a fuss, I gaze through sad-shaped eyelids languorous From far off Ispahan where roses blow. Professors sit on lofty stools up curied. Through Yankee noses drooling all day long. I find all these things quite ridiculous

That he is not quite hopelessly wearied appears two pages further on, where he calls for "jars of old Falernum" and roses and Death perhaps, defeat never. declares his love of laughter and kisses and

We shall be very grand in the great world!

Before despised old age comes over us,

ing over me," "Here lie I stretched out through above the plume of his chapeau. A miscatch the rotting years," "Here now forever with meant at the very least a severe wound;" not write a single romance or anything rethe lustful worms," "Lo, all the world as some therefore the Major made none, and Gen. sembling one. He is a satirical soul, a

with a crown of gold," "They do not know that they are wholly dead," "O endless idiocy of human kind! O blatant dead that howl lying in a tomb," "I saw a dead corpse in a have a dramatic poem called "Dead Dialogue." in which the speaking characters curiously consist of five persons who are not alive, a sepulchre and a voice singing from above. The persons who are not alive quarrel scandalously, saying things that we should not candle and the revolver She held the candle like to quote: the sepulchre says: "Be silent his so as to let it be seen that she was now, ye spindle-shanked dead!" and the voice from above sings:

Golden is the sunlight When the daylight closes, Golden blow the roses Ere the spring is old.

We believe that there are those who are fitted to like "The Book of Jade." To such

we commend it.

Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert. Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert, whom every body knows and knowing likes, has afforded lished very attractively by the Scribners. your interest to let me come upstairs" which she feels herself called upon to re-There was a born in England, in Rochdale, Lancashire, trousers. He knew I wouldn't stand such

Mrs. Gilbert was taught as a child to be a the hall below. "Great God! Harry!" "Who's ballet dancer. She was married to Mr. G. H. nit?" "It's Ball." "Shoot her!" "Silence all! Gilbert when she was 25. He was a dancer Onen the door." The back door was flung and a manager of dancers, and they were open and the moonlight streamed in upon | "barn-stormers" together in England and Ireland. They came to America in 1849 and a prostrate body. And at that she dropped lived in Milwaukee and Cincinnati. Their the candle and covered her eyes and was house in Cincinnati was white, with green of course no longer to be regarded as de- blinds, and a white fence surrounded it But the white was not enduring. The min-But what were these men who were at once | gled rain and soft-coal smoke soon speckled so decent and determined? What was their | it and made it grimy. "I loved everything business with Murray or McGuire? Why to be spotlessly clean," Mrs Gilbert tells us "and got into the way of standing across the filled it with shotguns and gamebags and road with my boy and studying the house as newspapers and magazines, pretending to be said: I believe we two could wash it. That a shooting party of gentlemen from the was one evening, and the next morning we Why had Murray or McGuire come | were up long before light and at work with to the Georgia pine woods to shiver under warm water, soap and brushes. We tried some secret fear? What was to be made out the big ladder at first, but that fell down, and of the plain fact that his paralysis was a sham: once down it was too much for us. So what George could not do with the short ladder I the old trunk which he kept in his room; that managed to do by reaching out of the bedroom windows. Then we rinsed it off by dashing pails of water up against it. It was after he had set Miss Perry with a candle and all over before the milkman made his morning rounds Everybody thought I was crazy, and when Mr Gilbert came home this was done while he was away, of coursehe never said a word about the house, but wanted to know why we had not washed the

Mrs Gilbert played Lady Macbeth in Edwin in a cheap 'property' crown and very queer ing Romeo, strong in every part he undertook But the most perfect Ramco, the finest I ever saw, was the brother, Wilkes Booth. He was very handsome, most lovable and lovely." Once in "A Woman's Won't," where some

of the company sat at table eating oyster edition of 600 copies under the title of "The | broth-it was real oyster broth and uncom-Book of Jade" (Doxey's, at the Sign of the | monly good, too, Mrs. Gilbert says-Mr. "They're in the soup," and this was so successful with the audience that Mrs. Gilbert was published a condensed and expurgat crackers were abolished. The reminiscences run in this light and

entertaining way throughout They are grappling the Gautier problem has seized the llustrated with many portraits of Mrs. Gil- bull by the herns with startling results. The bert and of other actresses and actors. Among these portraits one, which makes an admirable frontispiece, is plainly recent, and shows her, we suppose, pretty nearly as she aponly posing, and is not really tired and not pears at her present age of 80 Another, from a photograph taken in 1852, include: Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert and their son George, and several show Mrs Gilbert dressed for pinch of salt as he goes on to proclaim his the parts that she has taken in different

Clayton Halowell.

The reader will find plenty of matters of stirring interest in "Clayton Halowell," a story of the Revolution, by Francis W. Van Praag R F Fenno & Co). Gen Kosciusko, a competent and heroic, but somewhat criticel and egotistical soldier, entertained the we could not think of quoting. In the one Impression that Gen. Washington's troopers we learn that because the lady's heart is can cavalry is very good for the fight," he filled full of mournfulness, and because her said at Morristown, "but they are not clev-

Off galloped the General, guiding his pepp re little mare with his knees, and h I ting a pistol in his hand. Presently he turned and came thundering back. As he came "he gave a quick flip and bent his weapon high in the air, caught it again by the butt as it descended, whirle i it once more on high. regained it by the muzzle, and, rising in his stirrups, hurled it at an imaginary foe with a yell that startled even his well-trained

"So!" cried Kosciusko as he drew up, a little dishevelled and flushed, but triumphant, that is the way we ride in Poland. Can your heavy Americans do that?"

The American officers looked thoughtful, possibly because they doubted themselves, or it may be because they were sorry for the General After a moment Major Halowell asked Kosciusko to lend him his horse. The In a rather remarkable sonnet to Harvard | noble Pole assented with alacrity, knowing that the mare bucked frightfully. She began her malicious antics as soon as the Major was seated Rearing, she executed a perhaps has done to render in words the pictwort of equine breakdown, her rider clinging to the saddle in after deflance to the law of gravitation. Then, without allowing Halowell time to even swear, the angry brute sent her heels skyward and sprang back and forth, sideways, to and fro, in frantic efforts to unseat him. The dust rose in a long, eddying spiral which enveloped man and beast and stung Haloweil's nostrils. As the | he should meet with a translator as innocer struggle grew more severe his clear-cut lips hardened into a cruel, determined line, and his strong teeth clenched, and his whole body, tense with rigid muscles, became the personification of determination. The classics were taught in college. Here is an harder the struggle, the flercer his resolution

At length the mare was mastered, of course, laughs loud and hails the sacred hour of and then the Major showed Kosciusko someabsinthe and halls also the "hely Baudelaire," | thing "His blood was up. He wheeled unto whom "the loftlest lot was given to hear | the now docle creature and proceeded to the blessed muses sing in heaven," and unto give an exhibition of rough riding such as whom further, as though it were wished to effectually stilled Kosciusko's comments on make him ache with great benefits, these the lack of that art in the American Army Now he was squarely erect in the saddle, But it must be said that there are not many | the next moment he was bounding alongside passages of this gay and joyous character his galleping mount. Then, swiftly mount-The poet is pretty consistent. Turning from ling, he was tearing around the drill ground. page so to page tot we find the following first with only a leg or an arm visible above the rather ridiculous verses of Boileau Deslines of poems: "My heart is but a tomb where saddle. Finally, and without a break in his vain and cold," "In the last hopeless depth of pace, he regained his sent, drew his sword. hell's dark tomb," "Dead am I, and ye triumph | and sent the heavy blade glittering in intero'er me dead," "The loathed worms are crawl- mittent flashes of white radiance twenty feet "Here now forever with | meant at the very least a severe wound:"

vast corpse long dead," "A dead corpse crowned Kosciusko's object lesson was all that could have been desired

In vain did the Major's enemies, including the unscrupulous and jealous Mrs. De Laurent, and scream and roar!" "I saw a dead corpse | plot against his life. The odds were much against him in the fight at the Two Doves haughty car," "I saw a dead corpse making tavern, but he was a man qualified to disa strange cry," and "I saw a dead corpse | pose of his adversaries in dozens. He stood lying on the floor." And next following we at the head of the stairs and spitted no end of Mrs. De Laurent's assassins as they came up. "The tallow dip in the hall lit his cleanlipped, determined mouth and picked little jewels of brightness in the corners of his eyes. You will be careful?" said Joyce Dalton, the heroine, timidly, as the assassins ascended to their doom. He shot the leading assassin with his pistel—a huge, red-haired fellow with a red nose who screamed horribly as he lean, tallow-faced ragamuffin who literally spit himself and rolled backward cursing; the after a ridiculous attempt at fencing, shrank away coughing and spitting with a hole in his even he was addicted to drink.

Ballads of Down. Poems in dialect and poems in the plain English habit are afforded in "Ballads of strong (Longmans, Green & Co.). The book includes stories in verse, such as "The Outcast's Tragedy," "The Friars of Drumnaquoile," "The Ghost Story Tellers" and "Crosbaccagh, the Shepherd," and shorter poems of various character. Of Down and Wicklow the author sings:

I love the fresh bright autumn days Of mottled skies and lucid weather For then from Wicklow's fraughan-braes I hall Slieve Donard's heights of heather, Far off I trace in outline clear The peaks of Down in light extended -

Twin spots of earth I hold most dear

In one etherial realm are blended With Wicklow's land of stream and hill My childhood's hopes and joy's enwound me; It woke the loves that mould me still: With nets of gold its beauty bound me; Where flashed its rills by rock and tree.

Where rolled its beaches' ocean thunder I bowed before the mystery Of Nature's life in awe and wonder There is much pleasant drawing of landupe in the poems. In illustration of the dialect we may quote briefly from the pos

As doon the road at e'en we walk'd The autumn noon was glowin'. An', while in sweet low tones she talk'd An' fitfu' winds were blowin',

called "The Moonlight Road:"

Her cloak kept filtterin' ower my face. As if an angel's wings uv grace Were lightly roon' me meetin' A thought, "How mony a wound A'd bear

Tae see her an' tae hear her. How mony a pang uv griefs an' care Tae walk as noo sae near her! Ah. Death wud fa' as kin' as sleep, If she, as noo, were by me,

An' in my ear her voice might keep

Sae murmurin' gently nigh me. Some of the dialect is more difficult than this, but the book includes notes and a glossary which will afford all necessary information to the reader.

Theophile Gautler Translated. There seems to be some demand for trans-

tions into English of the works of French uthors for which publishers find it profitable to provide with "limited" editions of a great many copies. The latest French writer thus treated is Theophile Gautier, a translated edition of whose works in twenty-four volumes is announced by George D. Sproul; six of the volumes are now before us. The editor and translator of the series, according Lark, New York). We should think that Lewis said, "Pass me the crackers" This to the title page, is Prof. Frederic Cesar de any reader wishing to be disturbed would was a regular part of the play, and it was Sumichrast of Harvard University, a gentlethe terrible index. "Opium." "Ennui." "He- as requested. But on this occasion there by appearing on the public stage in a theatrical "Liebes-Tod," "Requiem," "Autumn had been an oversight; there were no performance and as to whose mental equip-Burial," "Mad Sonnet," "Sonnet of the In- crackers on the table Something had ment Mme Sarah Bernhardt recently exto be done to cover over the awkward- pressed a somewhat uncomplimentary "Sepulchral Life," "Corpse"—surely a promflash of inspiration, replied to Mr. Lewis:

The Grave, has of waiting seat with the professor, we believe, has of waiting seat with the performed the difficult task of rendering with the complaints of the professor. Racine's "Athalie" into English prose and has made to say it regularly afterward, and the edition of Dumas's "Les Trois Mousquetaires" for the use of schools The publisher, or it may be the editor, in

first two volumes of the edition contain "M demoiselle de Maupin," a work famous in its day as being too improper for the morality of the French of the Second Empire, and which even now those who possess it in French in the expurgated form do not display on their book shelves but relegate to the "inferno closet. No doubt far worse things, devoid of the charm of Gautier's style, have been written and published since, and works are read generally now in America and discussed by women even which would have brought down social ostracism on the offenders generation back, but sixty years have no toned down the essential indecency of Gautier's tale, and it must make Harvard mer who are not prudish color with shame to see the name of Harvard University printed on the title page of Mademoi elle de Maupin. Poor old John Langdon Sibley, the librarian, who ised to hide from the students behind wire gratings every scrap of early French and Italian and English in the library for fear i might contaminate their morals, must writhe in his grave at the thought. He would no ve allowed the French original even into the college "inferno" Prof. de Sumichrast's boldness in braving Mr Anthony Comstock translating into English this peculiar assic is the more remarkable in that the ollege catalogue designates him as "Chairman of Freshman Advisers," the body which nowadays routs the lazy freshman out of bed in the morning and keeps an inquisitorial eve on his morals

It is not with college ethics, however, that we have to deal here, but with Theophile Gautier and his translator. Gautier was the most conspicuous and turbulent of the French remanticists at the time when long bair, loud waistcoats and hand-tohand conflicts seemed as important a part of the movement as achievement literature or art. He became a great art critic and in his stories, his voyages and his poetry endeavored as no other Frenchman ures and effects produced by the brush and the chisel. To him form was everything in the preface to "Mile de Maupin" he expounded the principle of "art for art" sake," and he practised what he preached It is likely that some of his work will live and if it does it will be owing to his style above all It is, therefore, rather cruel that of English style as Prof. de Sumichrast His version of the picturesque prose reads like the "literal" translations that used to smooth the student's path in the days when the extract from the essay on Villon:

"Master François Villon, the author of The Lesser Testament' and 'The Great Testament,' is in spite of Etienne Pasquier, Antoine du Verdier, and some other pedants, shite of the forgotfulness, or rather the etude, into which he has fallen because t his obsolete language and the obscurity of his aliusions - the member of that numerou family in whose work one comes upon the greatest number of lucky finds of this sort. and yet, strange to tell, the poor scholar Villon is scarce known save through the two

"Vilion first managed, in these tracouth ages,

To clear up the muddled art of our old romancers. "Villon, who, according to Boileau, cleared

philosopher-poet, a different vein of whom no particular need of reformation so far as Marot and Regnier have each exploited, but he was concerned. Just what happened to

he is assuredly not a romancer." The earmarks of slovenly and inaccurate probably fair to say that it was no more translation show here even without a comparison with the French. In the literal translation of poetry the professor becomes unintelligible. This is Villon again:

"The days will come that shall wither up. Turn yellow and dry your beauty's bloom I'd laugh, if then young I could walk; But, alas' not so, and folly 't would be Old shall I be: you, wan and ugly then. So now drink deep, long as the brook doth run: Do not bring to all the grief, Without increasing it, a poor wretch to aid."

Whatever it may mean to Prof. de Sumichrast the language of the verses seems like fell. "The first victim of his sword was a that of "English as She Is Spoke." What the rendering of Gautier's carefully chiselled verse by the professor's muse will be we will next was an equally pleasant-appearing in- not try to imagine. The volumes already pubdividual who sported but one eye and who, I lished contain beside Mademoiselle de Maupin (from the expurgated edition and with away coughing and spitting with a hole in his chest." They were all ill-favored except the Romance of a Mummy." "Portraits of the leader, who was the heroine's brother, and Day," "The Grotesques" and "Travels in Spain." It is the first time, we believe, that an attempt has been made to turn all of Gautier's works into English. Prof. de Sumichrast has still before him the poems and several books of criticism on which to Down," by George Francis Savage-Arm- try his courage, and a number of what he would call "not immoral, but unmoral" tales, where his discretion should come into play. The editorial notes are perfunctory, but reasonably short. Many of the illustrations are enlargements of the etchings in the French editions; some are new.

> Every Inch a King. In "Every Inch a King," by Josephine Caroline Sawyer (Dodd, Mead & Co.), we are told in a note that the book was written with the single purpose to prove that the character of Henry V., at the time when he was Prince of Wales, has been greatly misjudged. It should be clearly understood, the author tells us, that there is the best historical authority for every trait of character here ascribed to Henry, and that this whole story, though of course in part imaginary, is founded very carefully in fact and represents nothing that can be disproved. But the reader will like the tale for its romantic and human interest quite as much as for its carefulness in regard to the facts of history. If there had ever really been a Prince Henry, still this romance would be attractive by reason of the highly colored scenes which it presents and of the many complicated and stirring happenings involved in it. If the young Englishman who nursed the stricken monk a Calais had been unimportant or without any place at all in history, yet hardly the less would the reader be curious to know how he came out in his nebulous love affair. and the same is true of that other character in the story, the handsome young fellow who was tyrannously locked up in England and who found himself consumed with love for the lady whom he could see walking in entire heedlessness of him in the garden beneath his barred window. If any reader thinks that Prince Henry spent all his time in watching Sir John Falstaff drink sack, he will here earn to the contrary; and if any think that Lord Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, failed to make himself interesting to the Lady Anne Stafford as soon as he was let out of prison, he will know better when he comes to the thirty-first chapter. The reader will like the story for the very good reason that it is a story which will not permit him to do

Random Fancies.

In "Random Fancies, Sonnets and Transby James B Townsend Cook & Fry, New York), we have a number of poems written from time to time in the course of the last twenty years and now first gathered together. Mr Townsend sings gracefully and with feeling, now of the sea, now on the occasion of a silver wedding, now of Easter or St. Valentine; but the poems here are for the most part translations from Heine and one or two other German poets. In the poem "O Wailing Sea" we have:

Will thy complaining ne'er be o'er; Canst thou not tell of lands beyond thy waters. Thy waves sing a glad monotone" Why on these northern rocks alone, Dost thou repeat a ceaseless mean; Why dost thou ring thy foam white hands; It's inlight oft from its has flown.

Again it comes and is our own, We bind not men in fron bands, As in thy loved and southern lands. And thou art free - Who binds thee down? O walling seat

We have preserved here the punctuation. and the curious form, "Wilt thy complaining ne'er be o'er?" in the second line, though we believe that they are no more than careless manifestations. Of course the answer to the question in the second line, if the form that appear s is insisted upon, would have to be "It wiit" or "It wilt not," and that certainly does not sound right As for semicolons, they are matters that go by favor, and it may be that there are not too many of them in the middle of the poem. Heine's "Ich stand in dunkeln Traumen" is thus rendered by Mr. Townsend: Upon thy picture gazing.

> And thy belowed portrait I looked at in loving mood. A smile so full of sweetness Thy dearest lips did rule. And with soft tears of sorrow

Sadly in dreams I stood,

Thy sweetest eyes were full. And my tears also were flowing. Were flowing so crystal clear, And, ah. I cannot believe it.

That I have lost thee, dearf This was one of Heine's most tenderly effective poems, and persons in Germany still weep with the poet as often as they say it over

Love Among the Mistletoe We can quote only briefly from "Love

Among the Mistletoe, and Poems," by James B Elmore (published by the author at Alamo, Ind) In one of the poems we find. The Maine moved onward in her glory

To the tropic isle of Spain, Where she anchored in the harbor And freedom shrieked in vain But the flendish Spanish warriors,

Severing chains of bonded men.

Fired a shot from just beneath her The good old ship was rent asunder. And our heroes writhed with pain. And now this nation throbs with fervor To redress the wrongs to the battleship Maine. This brings to bear the Monroe Doctrine

Dating back to some old country By colonizing and ties of ken We should like to reproduce here Mr. Elmore's poem entitled "The Frog" and his poem entitled "The Soul," but it is not pos-

Adventures of John McCue. Mr John Quirgan, author and publisher at 12 Jacob street) of "The Adventures of John McCue, Socialist," begins this work of literature with an apology which we are glad to think was not strictly necessary. The narrative opens as a ballad and continues as prose, and in both forms it seems to proceed smoothly and to express clearly what it has to say.

> John Fabulus Democratus Was sented in his easy chair, His day's exertion through. itis pipe and mug in either hand, the blazing fire before. Thus guarded front and flank he sent His wits on a detour.

him it would not be proper to tell, but it is than Mr. Quiggan thought that he deserved There are thirty-three pages of the ballad

and almost as many more of the prose story. In "Empresses of France" (Dodd. Mead & Co.) Miss H. A. Guerber adds her contribution to the present flood of Napoleonic literature. She gives a readable account of Josephine, of Marie Louise and of Eugénie, and presents the history of the First and Second Empires from a picturesque point of view. The volume contains many portraits and other illustrations.

We have also received: "Life and Times of William Lowndes of South Carolina." Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Politics and Moral Law." Gustav Rumelin; translated by Rudolf Tombo, Jr., Ph. D. (Macmillans.) 'Lady' Vere and Other Narratives.' Louis S. Elsemus (The Abbey Press.) "A Text Book of Astronomy." George

C. Comstock. (Appleton-"Montanye or the Slavers of Old New York." William O. Stoddard. (Henry Altemus Company) "Aspects of Revelation." Chauncey B.

Brews er D D. (Longmans, Gr. ea & Co.) "For Char.ie's Sake: and Other Lyrics and Ballads." John Williamson Palmer. (Funk and Wagnalls Company) "Hallie Marshall, a True Daughter of the

South." F. P. Williams. (The Abbey Press.) "Trusts and the State." Henry W. Marosty, B. A. (E P. Dutton & Co.) "The Atonement in Modern Religlous Thought. A Theological Symposium. (Thomas Whittaker)

"The Elegies of Maximianus." Edited by Richard Webster. (The Princeton Press) "The Woman Who Trusted." Will N. Harben (Henry Altemus Company) "La Fille du Chanoine; L'Album du Regiment." Edmond About. (William B. Jen-

kins) "The Play of Man." Karl Groos, translated by Elizabeth L. Baldwin, (Appletons) "His Letters." Julien Gordon, (Apple-"Iowa Official Register." (Published by

"Juletty, A Story of Old Kentucky." Lucy Cleaver McElroy, (Thomas Y. Crowell "The Creed of Presbyterians." The Rev. Egbert Watson Smith, D. D. (The Baker

the State

and Taylor Company) "First Years in Handieraft" Walter J. Kenyon. (The Baker and Taylor Company) "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny." Effic Bignell (The Baker and Taylor Company)

(Doubleday, Page & Co.) "A Daughter of New France." Mary Catherine Crowley (Little, Brown & Co.) "Monopolies Past and Present." James Edward Le Rossignol, Ph. D. (Thomas Y Crowell & Co.)

Masters of Men. A Story of the New Navy," Morgan Robertson, Doubleday, Page & Co) "Reasons for Belleving in Christianity "

all other places where it was possible trees vere planted by the children. In most o the downtown schools ivy and seeds in boxes were planted in the classrooms. The exercises began at 1 o'clock, all the children assembling in the grounds and courtyards. Each school prepared a programme of its own, though all were modelled on a pamphlet containing suggestions as to the character of the programmes These pamphlets were sent out by State Superintendent Charles Skinner At West End avenue and Eighty-second street a sycamore tree was planted, t Hester and Orchard streets, one of the crowded sections of the city s of the city, a small maple

John Frick, Plumber, Fatls.

was planted by the children

John Frick, plumber, of 255 West Twentyseventh street, made an assignment yesterday to Thomas G. Knight and Robert F day to Thomas G. Knight and Robert F. Seifert A few years ago he also went into milding operations, and mechanics here for about \$10,000 were recently filed against him. He erected two flats at 348 and 350 West Forty-first street. On Feb 5 last he traded 350 West Forty-first street for 726 and 728 Eleventh avenue, and mortgaged 348 West Forty-first street for \$25,400. In September he became the owner of 421 West Forty-third

OLMSTED-LADLEY On Thursday, May 1901, at St. John's Church, Elizabeth, N. J. by the Rev. E. E. Madeira, Edward Olmsted son of the late William N. Olmsted, to Clemen tine Davidson Ladley, daughter of Mrs. Clementin. E. Ladley Philadelphia and Washington papers please copy.

MARRIED.

DIED.

CLIFFORD -At Morristown, N. J., on Friday May 5, 1901, Thomas F (l'fford, aged 52 years Funeral services at Church of the Morristown, N. J., on Monday, May 6, 1901, a 10 A M

Crouch, in his 85th year. Funeral services at his late residence, 110 West 77th st., on Saturday afternoon, May 4, 1901 at 2 o'clock. Kindly omit flowers. REYNAL DE ST. MICHEL On Thursday, May 2 1901, at 263 Madison av., Nathalie P. Reyna

de St. Michel, daughter of the late Nathanie D. Higgins, aged 54 years. Funeral from St. John's Church, White Plains Y., where a requiem mass will be sung, Saturday, May 4, 1901, at 10:30 A. M. Specia train will leave Grand Central Station, Harlen Division, at 9.35 A. M. Kindly omit flowers.

RUMMEL At Berlin, Germany, on Friday, May

Special Motices.

3. 1901, Franz Rummel

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Vault Owners NEW YORK CITY MARBLE CEMETER: held at the office of the President, Alexande nd, 45 Broadway, Room 186, on Menday Maitland, 45 Brondway, May 6, at 12 o'clock noon.
ALBERT BU'LLUS, Sectetary THE FAVORITE for restoring life and color to the hair is PARKER'S HAIR GALSAM HINDERCORNS, the best cute for corns. [Sets.

Arligious Notices.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH Unitarians, 24th t. cornet Park av. Services II A. M. Hev. Minot I. Savage, D. D., will preach. Subject. Planting Time," a spring serion. Sunday school to clock a chapet entrance, Park av. all conduity invited. EGLISE DU SAINT ESPRIT, 45, 27c, rue est, revices religieux le dimanche a 10 h. '4 du mais a 8 h. du soir. Rev. A. V. Wittmeyer, recteur. ST. JAMES CHURCH, MADISON AV. & 71ST ST.
Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D. D., Rector.
Holy Communion 9 A. M.
Litany, Sermon, Holy Communion (Rector), 11 A. M.
Evening Prayer, Sermon Rev. E. E. Matthews. It will be seen from so much that this Social-

REV. FRANK S. COOKMAN, PH. D. preaches 11 and 7.45, washington heights Methodist Church, Amsterdam av. and West 153d. ist was in circumstances calculated to make him comfortable, and that the world was in

PATRICK PLEADS NOT GUILTY. Counsel's Objection to Four of the Indictment

Not Sustained. Albert T. Patrick, indicted for murder and forgery; David L. Short and Morris Meyers, indicted for forgery and perjury, pleaded not guilty yesterday before Recorder Goff, with leave to withdraw their pleas. Their lawyer, Robert M. Moore, moved to dismiss four of the indictments charging forgery in the second degree, because the date in the inMew Publications.

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lictment was September, 1901, instead of 1900. Deputy Assistant District Attorney Garvar announced that four superseding indictments were found on Thursday. The Recorder denied the motion. Mr. Moore then demurred to the other indictments. Argument was adourned until next week.

SWEARING AMAZED JUSTICE.

He Says Dr. Freedman Beat Anything in His Thirty Years' Experience.

In directing Dr. Robert S. Freedman to pay William H Gray a judgment of \$57 22 and \$15 costs on pain of imprisonment Justice McCarthy of the City Court said yesterday that in his thirty years at the bar he never had heard such tall swearing as that of the physician in supplementary proceedings. Dr Freedman, who resides at 221 East eventy-ninth street, testified that he had only five cents when the order was served on him on April 3, and he had not received any money since. He could not tell what money, if any, he had paid out since April 3 without going home None of his patients owed him money. Asked to whom he paid rent he first said: "Nobody," and then, "None

rent he first said: "Nobody," and then, "Nobe of your business."

Q What part of the house do you occupy? A The part I need; sometimes one room and sometimes another.

Q Into what rooms are your patients ushered? A. I don't know.

Q Who has charge of the house? A. I don't know—I mean I am in charge of it.

Q Who gave you charge of it? A. I gave myself charge of it.

Q To whom does the furniture belong?

A I don't know—not to me. myself charge of it Q. To whom does the furniture belong? A. I don't know not to me. O. Did you over hear the name of the land-lord of the house? A. No. Dr. Freedman said he did not know who resided in the house beyond his brother and sister. He afterward remembered the land-lord was Lewis M. Fields of Weber & Fields, but the rent was paid by somebody for the physician to an agent of Mr. Fields. He said be kent he agreement of Mr. Fields. He said be kent he agreement of Mr. Fields. e kept no account of his professional visit

THRIVED ON HIS WIFE'S SHAME. and Drank Her Earnings-Held.

Edwin Goodwin, who at long intervals has vorked as a bell boy at the Morton House and the St Denis, was before Magistrat-Cornell in Jefferson Market police court ybsterday on a summons obtained by his "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jeany. Eane Bigneil (The Baker and Taylor Company)

"My Master" The Swami Vivekananda
(The Baker and Taylor Company)

"With the Wild Flowers." Maud Going
(The Baker and Taylor Company)

"The Story of Louise" George de Fontanges, translated by Deshler Weich. (Royal
Columbia Press)

"The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters." (Frank F. Lovell
(Company)

"The Last Man." N. Monroe McLaughlin,
(The Neale Company.)

"The Wisdom of Esau." R. L. Outhwaite
and C. H. Chomley. (Cassell & Co.)

"Another Woman's Territory." Alien.
(T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

"The Good Red Earth." Eden Philipotts
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Taylor Company."

"The Good Red Earth." Eden Philipotts
(Doubleday, Page & Co.) wife. She was a prisoner in court on Thurs-

TWO HUSBANDS IN TWO DAYS.

Mrs. Louis L. Safford Got a Divorce One Day and Married Mr. Barry the Next. PATERSON, N. J., May 3. - Passaje societ Barry a son of the wealthiest family in Passa

to Mrs. Frances A Safford at Sioux Falls S. D., on Tuesday. The day before the wed-The Rev. C. A. Row, M. A. (Thomas Whittaker.)

ARBOR DAY.

School Children Plant Trees and Ivy—A Maple on the Lower East Side.

All the schools in New York celebrated Arbor Day yesterday. In The Bronx and all other places where it was possible trees.

Art Bales and Exhibitions. TO-DAY AT 2 P. M. GREAT REMOVAL SALE

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